

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 54—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1808.

NO. 1024.

SICILIAN LOVE.

[CONCLUDED.]

The Sicilians have ever been characterized as a people fond of change, impatient of rule, and susceptible of any impression. Hence the crowd which a few minutes before extolled Vivonne to the skies, and praised his nation as the most generous under the sun, were now converted by the eloquence of a woman, and the spectacle of her sorrows, into the enemies of France. Spain for ever, and death to Vivonne! was the universal cry. Regardless of the garrison of Messina, unmindful of the victory so dearly purchased, they all prepared for correction, and a multitude, which soon increased to many thousands, proceeded toward the vice-regal palace. They provided themselves with arms of every description; some even carrying fire-brands in their hands, and the leader of this incensed and infuriated mob was a woman.

Vivonne was enjoying the pleasures of the table, when he received intelligence of this unaccountable insurrection. Without a moment's delay, he put himself at the head of his body-guard. The gates of the palace-yard were opened, and Vivonne and his men went to meet the maddened populace. The first object that presented itself to his view was a woman stabbing a French officer with a dagger. The marshal ran towards her; she aimed a blow at him, but he arrested her arm. A long conflict ensued between female rage and masculine strength. At length he wrested from her hand the weapon reeking with the blood of his companions, and then for the first time looked her in the face. He recognized Cuenna, whose eyes seemed to dart upon him flames of fire. What astonishment on his part, and what augmented furies on hers! She endeavoured to disengage her arm, but in vain; he attempted to speak, but her full heart denied her utterance. Her eyes alone continued to speak with silent but impressive eloquence. Vivonne sought to pacify her, but his efforts were unavailing. The tone of his voice once so fascinating to her, now served only to redouble her anguish. He at length asked, "And what is your intention, Signora?"—"Release my arm," replied she, "and you shall see." He released her arm, and gave her a look full of that tenderness to which she was once so accustomed, and with which he had seduced her in her happy days. Cuenna felt the full force of this look. Love, which she had endeavoured to banish from her heart resumed its empire.—"Ha! traitor," exclaimed she, "do you really yet know the power you possess over me? Or do you think yourself secure because you have wrested one dagger from me? Cuenna is better provided than you may suppose. That blunt weapon was intended only for your companions. That which is destined by you, I carry nearer to my heart. Already could I have avenged myself with it. But I see your remorse, and to that I consign you. It is now my turn to die."

With another dagger which she concealed,

she instantly pierced herself to the heart. Before Vivonne or any of the astonished bystanders could seize her hand, she was extended on the ground. The marshal threw himself upon the corpse regardless of the presence of so many witnesses, and of the menacing attitude of the populace, who were disposed to tear him in pieces. His grief, however, disarmed their rage; they beheld his tears, they heard his lamentations, and they sympathized in his distress. They all returned to their duty; but in Cuenna life was extinguished for ever.

Her wish was accomplished. Remorse was the portion of Vivonne through the remainder of his life. The amiable man was never afterwards a seducer. War and the sciences were his sole occupations. The most celebrated poets of France employed their talents in his praise: Boileau himself paid him, on several occasions, the tribute of applause; but nothing could ever restore the peace of mind which he had lost.

THE MYSTERY.

I remained at the gate of the hotel for some time looking at every one who passed by, and forming conjectures upon them, till my attention got fixed on a single object, which confounded all kind of reasoning upon him.

It was a tall, philosophic, serious, adroit look, which pass'd and re-pass'd sedately along the street, making a turn of about sixty paces on each side of the gate of the hotel; the man was about fifty-two; had a small cane under his arm, was dressed in a dark drab coloured coat, waistcoat and breeches, which seemed to have seen some years service; they were still clean, and there was a little air of frugal propriety through him. By his pulling off his hat, and his attitude of accosting a good many in his way, I saw he was asking charity, so I got a sous or two out of my pocket ready to give him, as he took me in his turn; he passed by me without asking any thing, and yet did not go five steps further, before he asked charity of a little woman; I was much more likely to have given him of the two. He had scarce done with the woman, when he pulled off his hat to another who was coming the same way. An ancient gentleman came slowly, and after him a smart young one. He let them both pass, and asked nothing. I stood observing him half an hour, in which time he had made a dozen turns backwards and forwards, and found that he invariably pursued the same plan.

There were two things very singular in this which set my brain to work, and to no purpose—the first was, why a man should only tell his story to the sex, and secondly, what kind of story it was, and what species of eloquence it could be, which softened the heart of the women, which he knew it was to no purpose to practice upon the men.

There were two other circumstances which entangled this mystery; the one was, he told

every woman what he had to say in the ear, and in a way which had much more the air of a secret than a petition—the other was, it was always successful: he never stopped a woman but she pulled out her purse, and immediately gave him something.

I could form no system to explain the phenomenon.

I had got a riddle to amuse me for the rest of the evening, so I walked up stairs to my chamber.

THE ACT OF CHARITY

There is a long dark passage issuing out from the opera comique into a narrow street; 'tis trod by a few who humbly wait for a *fiacre* or wish to get off quietly on foot when the opera is done. At the end of it towards the theatre, 'tis lighted by a small candle, the light of which is almost lost before you get half way down; but near the door it is more for ornament than use, you see it as a fixed star of the least magnitude; it burns, but does but little good to the world, that we know of.

In returning along the passage, I discerned as I approached within five or six paces of the door, two ladies standing arm in arm, with their backs against the wall waiting as I imagined for a *fiacre*; as they were next the door, I thought they had a prior right; so edged myself up within a yard or little more of them, and quietly took my stand—I was in black and scarcely seen.

The lady next me was a little lean figure of a woman of about thirty six; the other of the same size and make, of about forty; there was no mark of a wife or widow in any one part of either of them—they seemed to be two upright vestal sisters, unsapped by caresses, unbroken in upon by tender salutations; I could have wished to have made them happy—their happiness was destined, that night, to come from another quarter.

A low voice with a good turn of expression, and sweet cadence at the end of it, begged for a twelve sous piece betwixt them for the love of heaven. I thought it singular that a begger should fix the quota of an alms—and that the sum should be twelve times as much as what is usually given in the dark. They both seemed as onished at it as much as myself—Twelve sous! said one—a twelve sous piece! said the other, and made no reply.

The poor man said, he knew not how to ask ladies of their rank; and bowed down his head to the ground.

Poh! said they—we have no money.

The begger remained silent for a moment or two, and renewed his supplication.

Do not my fair young ladies, said he, stop your good ears against me—upon my word, honest man, said the younger, we have no change. Then God bless you, said the poor man, and multiply those joys which you can give to others without change!—I observed the eldest sister to put her hand into her

* Hackney Coach.

pocket—I'll see, said she, if I have a sous. A sous! give twelve, said the supplicant; nature has been bountiful to you, be bountiful to a poor man.

I would, friend, with all my heart, said the younger, if I had it.

My fair charitable, said he, addressing himself to the elder, what is it but your goodness and humanity which makes your bright eyes so sweet that they outshine the morning even in this dark passage! And what was it which made the Marquis of Santure and his brother say so much of you both as they just past by?

The two ladies seemed much affected, and impulsively at the same time they both put their hands in their pockets, and each took out a twelve sous piece.

The contest between them and the poor supplicant was no more—it was continued betwixt themselves, which of the two should give the twelve sous piece in charity—and to end the dispute, they both gave it together, and the man went away.

THE RIDDLE EXPLAINED.

I stepped hastily after him, it was the very man whose success in asking charity of the woman before the door of the hotel, had so puzzled me: and I found at once his secret, or at least the basis of it—it was flattery.

MARRIAGE.

Twelve Inducements to Marriage are thus held out by an old author, Jacobus de Voragine.

1. Have you fortune? You have, who can save and augment it.
2. Have you none? You have, who can seek it.
3. Are things prosperous? Your happiness is doubled.
4. Adversae? She consoles, aids, and lightens, by dividing the burthen.
5. Are you at home? She relieves the tedium of solitude.
6. Abroad? She follows you departing with her eyes, desires you absent, and with joy greets you returning.
7. Nothing is pleasant without society, no society sweeter than marriage.
8. The chain of conjugal tenderness is of adamant.
9. The sweet band of kindred increase; the number of parents, sisters, grandsons is doubled.
10. You may be the father of beautiful offspring.
11. The law of Moses execrates the sterility of matrimony; how much more celibacy.
12. If Nature escape not punishment, your will cannot surely avoid it.

The above is fairly a logician's dilemma, and may be turned the other way perhaps with equal effect.

1. Have you fortune? You have, who can spend it?
2. None? You are more a beggar than ever.
3. Are you in prosperity? Your happiness is ended.
4. In adversity? You have made the burthen intolerable.
5. At home? Heart sick with scolding.
6. Abroad? Dare be wise, and keep so. She watches you leaving her, ridicules you absent, and shuts the door on your return.
7. No tranquility like solitude; no solitude like a single life.
8. The marriage chain is of adamant: so much the worse. No hopes of freedom; for ever in chains!
9. Thy kindred increase: Look to thy wife's friends!
10. The beautiful offspring may be another's.
11. By the law of Moses, the sterility of marriage was execrable; but an apostle of the gospel of grace preferred celibacy to marriage itself.
12. If marriage be honourable, how much more single life!

The Ladies, as Ham'et says, will look on this picture and on this. Is either like? Or are there not enough in the world who could state both.

TO MY MOTHER.

Written on my Birth Day.

MOTHER, full nineteen years have fled,
Since first you call'd me 'dearest babe,'
And wrapped me in the mantle blue,
And pressed me to your bosom true!
So sweetly kind was you, my Mother;
So well I ne'er shall love another.

You rocked my cradle day by day,
And kissed my infant tears away;
You taught my lisping lips to frame
A mother's dearest, sweetest name!
Then throbb'd my heart with joy, my Mother,
More tender you than any other!

When I, for weakness, could not stand,
You led me with your gentle hand;
Then let me walk from chair to chair,
But watch'd me with maternal care.
Ah, who so kind as you, my Mother?
Surely so well I'll love no other.

How soon I learned to run away,
And leave a mother's arms for play!
'Twas like a child—but yet I wot,
A mother ne'er her child forgot.
So well I love you, dearest Mother,
I'll ne'er forget you for another.

When every friend shall prove untrue,
To you in vain I ne'er shall sue;
Your gentle heart was ne'er unkind,
In you a faithful friend I'll find.
Then live me ever, dearest Mother,
Forget me not for any other.

When you are old, I'll watch you so,
And be your staff where'er you go;
I'll soothe the down-hill of your life,
And not forget you when a wife.
Ah, yes, thou tenderest, best of Mothers!
I'll be your stay when I'm another's.

MALVINA.

ODE TO GRATITUDE.

Can man in plenty thankless live,
And take what Heaven vouchsafes to give?
With unconcern can he behold
Yon solar orb of dazzling gold,
And see, unmind'd, each dying plant and flower
Confess the fiat of its vegetative power.

The lapses of this chequered year
Can he review and not revere?
And, while with raptur'd eye he views
Things form'd and varied to his use;
Can he in lordly riot waste his days,
Nor from his heart ejaculate one note of praise?

He can whilst he unlicenced roves
Through sin's gay walks and tempting groves,
Whilst yet he quaffs from pleasure's bowl
Spontaneous poison to his soul;
From vice to vice whilst yet he dares to roam,
And recollective thought is absent from her home.

The spring returns with blooming face,
The panting summer runs its race,
Next autumn, richest of the year,
And winter lagging in the rear;
Yet tho' these heralds time's swift ebb proclaim,
Spring, summer, autumn, winter find him still the same.

Come, Gratitude, my soul refine,
And make thy poet half divine;
Teach me to sing in deathless lays
My glorious Benefactor's praise!
Come, smiling cherub, from thy blest abode,
Uplift me on thy plumes, and bear me to my God.

OBSERVATION

It is a better employment of the understanding to bear the misfortunes that actually befall us, than to penetrate those that may

CHARACTERISTICS.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

Or the wonderful avarice of this very great the late Lord Bath used to tell the following story. Himself and his brother, General Pulteney, had been playing at cards at a house in Bath, at that time known by the name of Westgate-House, and when then happened to be the lodgings of Lord Bath. The Duke had lost some money, and on going away desired General Pulteney to lend him a pence to pay his chair hire. This he of course refused, and when the Duke had left the room, Lord Bath said to his brother, "I would venture any sum now, that the Duke goes home on foot. Do you follow him out." The General followed him, and to his astonishment saw him walk home to his lodgings.

MARSHAL SAXE.

To the honor of the humanity of this great General, the following story, told of him by M. de Senac, his physician, should be mentioned. The night before the battle of Rocour, M. de Senac observed his illustrious patient very thoughtful, and asked him the reason of it; when he replied in a passage from the "Andromaque" of Racine,

Think, think my friend, what horrid woes,
To-morrow's morning must disclose;
To thousands by Fate's hard decree,
The last morn they shall ever see.
Think how the dying and the dead
O'er you extensive plain be spread;
What horrid spectacles afford,
Scorch'd by the flames, pierc'd by the sword.

Of the greatness of Marshal Saxe's courage we can doubt; yet his friends said of him, that he would never fight a duel; that he always locked under his bed every night, and every night locked his chamber door.

It is a singular circumstance that neither the great general nor the Duke of Marlborough could spell the most common words in their native language correctly.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

This lively nobleman was once taken by the Duke of Marlborough (who was then in disgrace with them), and was about to be roughly treated by these friends to summary justice. He told them, "Gentlemen, I can convince you by reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and in the second, they are heartily your service.—So throwing his purse amongst them he got out of their hands, with loud buzzes and acclamations.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.

A friend of Dr. Johnson asked him one day, whose sermons were the best in the English language? Why Sir, bating a little heresy, those of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Samuel Clarke was the most complete literary character that England ever produced. Every one must be inclined to be of this opinion, when he considers what a good critical scholar, what an excellent philosopher, what an acute metaphysician he was. Amongst Dr. Clarke's papers was found a letter from Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, offering him an Irish bishopric, which he refused; and a letter of that great Greek scholar, Dr. Bentley to him, expressive of his concurrence of opinion with him upon the formation of the tenses of the Greek verbs, which he has so fully illustrated in a note on the first Book of his edition of Homer.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

I was walking in a beautiful meadow with my friend, where I saw a man, who I knew to be a villain, sleeping in great comfort and tranquillity. Good heavens! exclaimed I, the evils which this man has committed do not break his repose! God said my friend, suffers villains to sleep, that honest men may live undisturbed.

26 Aug 48

Copy

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1808.

The City Inspector reports the death of 29 persons, (of whom 5 were men, 8 women, 9 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of abscess 1, cold 1, consumption 7, convulsions 1, decay 2, dropsy 1, nervous fever 1, infantile flux 4, liver 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, small-pox 1, sore throat 1, sprue 1, stillborn 1, teething 2, and 1 of worms.

The sailing of the dispatch ship Union from Philadelphia, for France and England, is delayed two or three days longer on account of instructions not having yet come to hand.

DISTRESSING GALE.

During the gale at Baltimore on Wednesday evening, great damage was sustained by the shipping in the harbour. We have reason to fear that many lives were lost, and much injury sustained, more than has come to our knowledge, as many pleasure boats and by craft were in the river at the time the gale commenced; and as its violence during half an hour N. W. exceeded any thing of the kind witnessed for many years past. We are informed that a Packet bound to the Eastern-shore was upset, from which were lost five persons; but have not learned the names. Fifteen or twenty sail, amongst which were several fine ships, broke their masts, and were driven with great violence high and dry on the south side of the Bay. We anticipate with sorrow, fearful accounts from the Bay and Coast.

Since writing the above, we are informed that one of the vessels upset was commanded by Captain Brown, bound to Cherrystone; and Captain amongst the lost.

Fed Gaz

During the storm, the schooners Leader, of Hollow Landing; Sally and Ann, of Baltimore; and Eagle, of Oxford; upset opposite Fort Mifflin—and the following persons were drowned: Mr. Severn Savage, of Baltimore, Mr. Samuel Custis, of Virginia, on board the Leader; Mr. Henry Luckett, John Cato (master), and a black man on board the Sally and Ann. By the humane and daring efforts of Mr. Hanson, inspector, and the soldiers of the garrison, seven men and a boy were saved. Corporal Cook, of Captain Peter's company of Light Artillery, was drowned, in attempting to save property.

Balt. American.

We learn that a fracas took place at Sackville Harbor, a few days since, between the smugglers and the military stationed at that place. The number of men amounted to between two and three hundred, armed with pistols, and if we mistake not, a small wall-battery; bidding defiance to any force that attempted to obstruct the carrying of private goods. The commanding officer, Lieut. Cross, never made shift to take their piece, and obliged the insurgents to disperse.—Pilot.

A man in Chesnut, near Second Street, Philadelphia, the initials of whose name are \$ wishing to ascertain the extent of his property in the eating line, recently discovered one meal, one hundred and eighty-four

good sized oysters, three pounds of roast pork, the hind quarters of eight large Blood o'ouns bull frogs, fricaseed; two pounds of sweet potatoes, a shilling rye-loaf, a pine apple, and a large watermelon. To make all sit easy, he drank one pint of brandy, and two quarts of beer. The whole was accomplished with ease, in the space of two hours.

Dublin, June 23.—On Monday last, a fool-hardy fellow named Moore, a slater by trade undertook for the trifling wager of a gallon of porter, to ascend to the ball on the spire of St. Patrick's steeple, which a late thunder storm had thrown from its perpendicular direction. After passing to the upper scaffolding, which did not approach to within twelve feet of the terrific point of his destination, he clambered up by his hands and knees, and placed himself astride on the apex of the spire that had been thrown into a horizontal position. In this tremendous state of peril he had continued but a few seconds, when to the horror of the astonished spectators, the whole gave way, and with the ball, and about one ton of the fractured stone work, the unfortunate man was precipitated in a moment from a height of 200 feet—his weight carried him through three of the stages, when his clothes became entangled, and exhibited him suspended between earth and heaven.—Merciful Providence, however, and his own exertions, enabled him to seize some of the scaffolding, and he succeeded in regaining a safe footing. He came down through the church, and was carried off by the crowd, to enjoy the triumph of a gallon of porter, won at such a tremendous risk. The ball broke through to the fourth scaffold, and the stone work fell in St. Patrick's Close, without further injury than tearing up the pavement, into which it sunk upwards of three feet.

TO THE LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS

JOHN MARRAS.

PAINTER OF PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE, being lately returned from the country, and intending to stay four weeks in this place, has the honour of inviting the Lovers of the Fine Arts to come and see his collection of Paintings in Miniature, copied by himself from the most famous paintings in Italy.—The advertiser lives in Broadway, No. 159.

September 24 1023-1m

NEW NOVEL.

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NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.
GRIFFITH ABBEY;

OR,
MEMOIRS OF EUGENIA.

By that celebrated authoress Mrs. C. Matthews.
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

Price 75 cents in boards, or one dollar neatly bound

DR. ROBERTS, No. 5 Oliver street, New-York will engage to cure all disorders that are curable, without forcing the sick to take one grain of Mercury, if they follow his rules; and if a doubt arise in his breast that he is not able to perform a cure without the help of Mercury, he will let his patient know beforehand, that they may act as they think proper. Beware of Mercury, it destroys 1000 lives annually by sea and land. Attendance from 12 to 2, and from 7 to 10 o'clock.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

CISTERNs,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted, light, by
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No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

COURT OF HYMEN.

Celestial gem! in pity from above
Bestow'd, the exalted mind's delight and pride;
The sentiment alone is formed to prove,
Since thou'rt to all the groveling tribes deny'd.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. William Parkinson, Mr. John W. Brower, of this city, to Miss Huldah White, of Shrewsbury

On Tuesday evening, the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. M Knight, Mr. William Bathgate to Miss Sarah Corsar, daughter of Frederick Corsar, of West-Chester.

On Wednesday evening, the 28th ult. by the Rev Mr. Felter, Mr. Thomas March, merchant of this city, to Miss Mary Ann Sands, daughter of Joshua Sands, Esq. of Brooklyn

On Saturday evening last, at Patterson, New-Jersey, Mr. Stephen Baker, of this city, merchant, to Miss Jane Van Winkle, of the former place

At Providence, on Wednesday evening, the 7th ult. Mr. William C Doty, of this city, to Miss Fanny Martin, of that town

On the 22d ult. at the Friends Meeting-House, Bridgetown, New-Jersey, Joseph S. Shotwell (of the house of Hicks and Shotwell, merchants of this city) to Miss Deborah Fox, of the former place.

On the 24th ult. at Philadelphia, by the Rev Dr. Blackwell, Mr. Samuel Brooks, merchant, to Miss Eliza Inskip, daughter of John Inskip, Esq. of that city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. M Knight Doctor Joseph Bloodgood to Miss Hetty Cock, eldest daughter of Mr. Isaac Cock, merchant, all of this city.

Of all man's bliss on earth, there's none so great
As that which flows from wedlock's hallow'd state;
When objects worthy and congenial join,
And in the nuptial bands their souls entwine.

MORTALITY.

The path of life, tho' flowers adorn,
Yet often will the rugged thorn
Amidst the flowers arise;
Expect not then on earth to share,
Enjoyment unallay'd by care,
But seek it in the skies.

DIED.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. John B. Reid, aged 18 years, son of Mr. John Reid, of West Chester
On Monday last, Mr. Edward Johnson, in the 50th year of his age

On Tuesday morning, very suddenly, Mr. J. William C. Mumford, of New-Orleans
On the same morning, Mrs. Ann Campbell wife of Mr. Alexander Campbell, in the 28th year of her age

At his seat in Bristol, Rhode-Island, on the 17th ult. in the 53d year of his age, Benjamin Bourn, Esq one of the late judges of the circuit court

JUST PUBLISHED.

And for sale by J. Osborn, No. 13 Park, and
At this Office.—Price 62 1/2 cents.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,
Arranged under the following Heads—Matter and Motion, The Universe, The Solar System, The Fixed Stars, The Earth considered as a Planet, The Atmosphere, Meteors, Springs, Rivers, and the Sea, Fossils, Plants, Animals, The Human Frame, and the Human Understanding

FOR SALE.

At Mrs Millers No. 148 William Street a handsome assortment of English straw Hats.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

FOUND at Greenwich on Saturday last, part of the Lock of a double barrel Fouling piece the owner can have it by applying at this Office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONG OF A SWISS TO HIS MISTRESS,

ON HER APPEARING IN ARMOUR.*

Translated from the German of Goethe.

Heavens, is it—is it thou, my love!—
What strikes my dazzled sight!—
How brightly from thy polish'd helm
Flash gleams of trembling light!

And how the white and crimson plumes
Stream in the rustling wind;
Thy auburn tresses mingling too,
Float carelessly behind.

But now thy heaving bosom's charms
The envious armour steals,
And all that lovely, graceful form
The circling mail conceals.

But no! I see that handsome foot,
That well turn'd knee I spy,
Which else the robes depending folds
Veil from my curious eye.

Thus beaming in refulgent steel,
In beauty's bloom elate,
Thou'rt like the empyreal guard of old,
Who watch'd at Edens gate.

O may the haughty foes keen shafts
Hiss harmess o'er thy head,
And none e'er wound thy tender breast
But those by Cupid sped!

* When the Emperor Albert besieged Zurich, the females of that town put on armour, and appeared completely accoutred among the ranks of their husbands and fathers. The Emperor, deterred by the appearance of such a numerous force, withdrew from before the place.

TO CELIA.

CELIA, mark those mournful trees
Sighing at each passing breeze:
Seems not each, sweet girl, to plead,
As it waves its drooping head,
The chief delights that man can prove,
Are those which spring from mutual Love?

Listen to that bubbling stream,
Does it not, my charmer, seem,
Softly murmuring at your feet,
Still this maxim to repeat,
The chief delights that man can prove,
Are those which spring from mutual Love?

Hark! the feather'd warblers sing;
Hark! the woods with music ring;
Does not each to fancy say,
As it hails the rising day,
The chief delights that man can prove,
Are those which spring from mutual love?

And shall nature plead in vain?
Will you still my love disdain?
Will you, can you, give me pain!
Ah! I see those softening eyes,—
Come, no more your thoughts disguise;

Come, and let me seal my bliss
With a soul entrancing kiss;
Freely all your love impart,
And, while I press you to my heart,
Say, can any joys we prove
Be compar'd with those of love?

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale
at No. 104 Maidenlane.

THE MORALIST

The force of habit, and the extreme danger of fixing any bad habits, particularly that of drunkenness, may be aptly illustrated by moralizing the following piece of natural history:

"On the coast of Norway, is a dreadful whirlpool, called by the natives Maelstrom, which signifies the naval of the sea. The body of the waters which form this whirlpool is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury, when it instantly swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

"No skill in the mariner, no strength of rowing, can work an escape. The sailor at the helm at first finds the ship go in a current opposite to his intentions—his vessel's motions, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock and entirely disappears."

And thus it fares with the hapless youth that falls under any vicious habit. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the stream of vicious inclinations. But every relapse carries him further down the current, (the violence of which increases) and brings him nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool: till, at length stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes a shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation, and of every thing that is dear and valuable to the human character.

It should also be observed, on the other hand, that good habits are powerful as well as bad ones: therefore, no better advice can be given to youth than the following, "choose the most rational and best way of living, and habit will make it the most agreeable."

S. DAWSON'S
WARRANTED DURABLE INK.
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE,
by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-slip
and at the Proprietor's, No 48, Frankfort-street

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